DOWN! DOWN!

There was an old Derry, down Derry, Who loved to see everyone merry.

MID-SUMMER MERRINESS!

Something Better than "Shoot the Hat." It Is

ONE-HALF

CUT THE HAT. THE GREAT STRAW HAT CUT

BEGINNING TUESDAY MORNING! TUESDAY MORNING!

ANY STRAW HAT IN OUR HOUSE

MARKED PRICE. ONE WEEK ONLY.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

Cantons, Mackinaw, Milan, Dunstable, Shausi Manillas. Men's boys' and children's all go in this great sacrifice sale. We are cramped for room in our Hat Department.

This Sale to Make Room for Fall Goods.

Every man, boy and child who may need a Summer Hat between now and September should be on hand Tuesday morning if they want to buy for the lowest prices ever named.

CAMPAIGN OUTFITS.

We make a specialty of Campaign Outfits, Hats, and sich, in quantities for clubs.

ORDERS FILLED ON SHORT NOTICE.

101 East Washington St.

Furniture, and STOVES:

BABY CARRIAGES

New Passenger Elevator

MESSENGER'S

PAYMENTS or CASH.

UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS

Is a marvel of sweetness and power, of grace, beauty and brilliancy. Every note is clear as a bell.
Every chord is perfect harmony. Every part evenly
balanced. The action is light, firm, elastic, respon sive. The scale is scientifically correct and musically perfect. The workmanship the highest skill can make them and materials are the best. Beautiful new styles for 1888 just received.

STYLE 12

LOW PRICES. PEARSON'S MUSIC HOUSE

19 North Pennsylvania St. Hallett & Cumston Pianos. Packard Orgasn.

Commissioner's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Marion County, State of Indiana, in Cause No. 34,123, entitled Louisa A. M. Schicketanz et al. versus Henry Dippel et al., I will as Commissioner appointed by the said court in said cause, offer at priappointed by the said court in said cause, offer at private sale at my office. No. 34 East Market street, until Aug. 20, 1888, at not less than the appraised value thereof, the following described real estate in the city of Indianapolis, Marion County, Indiana, viz.: Lots number three (3) and four (4) in Daugherty's subdivision of a part of outlot ninety-nine (99), having a frontage of 104 feet and 10 inches on Virginia avenue and 157 feet and 2 inches on Coburn street, and improved with a two story brick block known as Nos. 663 and 665 Virginia avenue. This very attractive property is at the end of Virginia very attractive property is at the end of Virginia avenue, fronting on "Fountain Square." Terms of Sale: One third cash and the balance in nine and eighteen months, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be secured by mortgage on the premises. THOMAS H. SPANN, Commissioner. July 13, 1888.

BROWNING & SON Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

And dealers in Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Glassware, Brushes, Combs, Pine Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Spices, Dye Stuffs, etc., at the old stand, APOTHECARIES' HALL 7 and 9 East Washington Street.

Please call or write for prices.

J. N. HURTY, M. D., ANALYTICAL CHEMIST. Waters Ores, Clays and General Analyses

Presidential grand march! Choose partners!-But Stop!-You don't want to enter the ball-room in worn and faded garments. Certainly not, gentlemen, when you can get first-class, well-made, fashionable Spring Suits (which have been selling at \$18 and \$20, and well worth the money) at our reduced price,

ONLY

Bon marche, monsieur! Sehr Wehlfeil, mein Herr!! Cheap Enough, Sir!!!

This special sale will last but ONE WEEK LONGER. During this same period we will sell our Boys' \$12 Suits, light and medium colors, all the finest fabrics, at

Seven Dollars and Ninety

OF SHIRTS \$2. Children's fine Suits fine children at SPECIAL SALE (FLANNEL) \$3.90. These Suits have been selling all the season at \$5 and This is a great

5 and 7 W. Washington St.

JAY GOULD'S ILLNESS.

The Wall-Street Magnate's Ailment Is Neuralgia, and It Is Caused by Mental Strain.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. New York, July 14 .- Jay Gould has been within a week brought to death's door by Wallstreet rumors, and restored to robust health by contradictions. In order to learn the truth your correspondent has made a trip to Irvington, where Gould has a summer home, and from which he has not departed for a month. There would not have been the slightest use in making inquiry of anybody else than the man himself, because those personally interested in his properties are not to be believed. Therefore an errand real enough in itself, and yet not the principal one, was provided for the occasion. Gould's place at Irvington had never looked finer. The six hundred acres sloped down handsomely from the ridge of the hills to the shore of the Hudson river. The great house and its gardens were conspicuously beautiful on authority to absolutely forbid the invitation of anybody. All he could do was to suggest, in the their eminence. In buying this estate for \$300, 000, about a third its cost, Mr. Gould practiced his usual policy of acquiring good things that have gone to the bad, but not irretrievably, and seven years have much more than restored it to original value, for he has spent an average of \$100,000 a year in maintenance and improvement. Extensive conservatories have been built, and filled with rare floral growths from all parts of the world.

Mr. Gould was emerging from one of the glass houses when first encountered. His arms were as full as they could hold of rare little rose bushes in pots. He wore a rather wide-brimmed straw hat, a suit of blue flannel, and a pair of very thick felt slippers. A dozen gardeners came behind him, carrying potted plants, which they were bringing, under his direction, out into the warm sunlight. He was wan and thin, and looked in the face like a man who had suffered physical torture.

"So they make me out a hopeless case?" he said, when the conversation was brought around to the subject of his health. "Well, it isn't so bad as that. I am more miserable than actually sick. I am a sufferer from acute neuralgia, which attacks me mostly in the face, and de-prives me of sleep. The recent spell of wet weather was a spell of agony for me. But when the sun shines warm and clear, as it does to-

day, I get comparative ease."
"I have been told by Russell Sage," said the visitor, "that business cares, with their necessities of intense mental application, were the cause of your neuralgic attacks. Mr. Sage says that if you would keep out of anxiety the neu-

ralgia would keep out of you."
"I guess that is so," was the reply, "and I am trying it this summer. I won't undertake to say that my mind is free of thought about my enterprises - a man can't leave his intellect in his office and bring nothing but his body home-but I am diverting myself as much as possible. In-deed I have been doing so for several years. I want into steam-yachting, and liked it, but life on the water seemed to aggravate my neuralgia.
My railroad trips West helped me. I was very
sick when I started, and suffered greatly part of
the time on the tour, but came back bettered.
Now I am a gardener first, last, and as nearly all the time as possible."

"Is it true that you are out of Wall street for "It ought to be true, and I mean that it shall be true, but there's no telling when or how I may be forced back into activity. I assure you that I would, in my delicate state of physique, prefer ease and retirement. Not that I am collapsed. I am not suffering from pervous prostration. It is neuralgia, pure and simple, and that is quite bad enough."

However, Mr. Gould's neuralgia is a consequence of too great and too protracted a mental strain in a man of naturally fragile physique. His physicians have peremptorily ordered him to shirk business cares for the summer, and the indications are that he has been on the very verze of dangerous nervous prostration. But he is trying hard to rest his brain, and is measurably succeeding. The immediate prospect of a second grandchi'i, born to Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, is one of the home matters to keep him agreeably interested there.

Its concentrated curstive power make Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier.

unjust. He was simply trying faithfully to carry out what he deemed to be duties of his CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK peculiar position.

From this phenomenally exalted station which McAllister held in New York society, it would be imagined that he was to the manor born,

and in spite of his name a good many have sup-posed that he was a descendant of the aucient Knickerboekers in some way. As a matter of

fact. McAllister has not been a resident of New York for more than fifteen years. He was a Georgian by birth. He came from a well-known and respected family there, so that his connec-tions were such that his reception in "high so-

ciety" elsewhere was a matter of course. More than that he married a Miss Gibbons, of Mor-

ristown, N. J., who possessed a considerable fortune in her own right.

McAllister's own property was modest. When he came to New York he was received first by the Haywards, and through them very rapidly

became acquainted with all the Astor exclusives.

He had little to do in a business way. His pro-fession is that of the law, and it is understood that he keeps up a semblance of practice in so far as

he looks after the interests of a few estates.

He does not seek business, for he does not need to, and doesn't care for it. He lives

in what appears to be a modest house, with

an English basement, just off Fifth avenue in Sixteenth street. He is now about fifty years old. It does not need to be said,

after showing his remarkable position in "so-ciety" here, that he is a man who makes friends

quickly, and is generally accounted a companionable acquaintance. He has one daughter,

Louise, wno has been for a year or two a some: what prominent social figure. The actress in

the comic opera duo already mentioned is

understood to make up suggestively like Miss

Tis sweet to be swell, and I've frequently wondered

McAllister, and here are her further rhymes:

How girls who are not can survive so unblest; d die like a guillotined wretch if once sundered

Such perils we none dread,

We clasp with four hundred

Four hundred New Yorkers, all named and all num

Each out of three thousand distinguished as best

But the McAllister brand no longer passes cur-

history that can be compared to the rapidity of his rise in society is his fall in it. A feeling

four hundred. It is true, nevertheless, and Mrs. Chapman, a daughter of John Jacob Astor, Mrs.

Scheiflin, her sister, and several other ladies in the same self-satisfied circle of society organized two balls, the Assembly and the Cotillon, in order to break up what was known as the "Clan McAllister."

The Assembly was to rival the Patriarchs, and

the cotillon was to rival the first circle dancing

cotillon. Curious as was this move. it succeeded

and this ridiculed if not ridiculous man suffers

under a practical boycott at the hands of the circle in society which he has served with the utmest faithfulness. Now the cause of this

overthrow is probably not what it appears to be.
It is not that McAllister has admitted people to society events who were really not eligible, because with his lawyer's instinct and training he has endeavored to exercise his functions careful-

ly, and because, also, as I have shown, he had no

final power in these matters; but it was that Mr.
McAlister spoke with frankness concerning
his views of society composition and its regula
tions. He has often said to his intimate friends
that the status of New York "society" was all
wrong. "There are," according to him, a "great

they are excluded. The fact remains that the people who claim to and who do really compose

society bar them out. Now that is all wrong. The circle is too small. There should be more

ABRAM S. HEWITT.

He Takes Himself Out of Politics by Radical

Declarations Concerning Foreigners.

NEW YORK, July 14.-Abram S. Hewitt, ex-

Congressman, present Mayor, and always a rad-

ical in his views, has taken himself clear out of

impossible as a candidate for anything, and I

Mr. Hewitt had reference to his sudden de-

velopment as a true American. When he refused last winter to let an Italian flag be raised

on the City Hall to celebrate an Italian festival,

the event caused small comment. He next for-

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

think I am to be congratulated."

CLARA BELLE.

Whereupon her dude companion in the skit

From being McAllister's Patriarchs' guest.

McAllister's hand.

Suppose, after all, that McAllister blundered,

And I am no better than some of the rest!

Idea alarming!

But calming and charming

The guaranty brand.

A Chapter Devoted Exclusively to Mr. Ward McAllister, King of Snobs.

How He Came To Be an Authority in Society Matters, and How He Was Pushed from His Throne by Mrs. Edward Cooper.

special to the Indianapolis Journal. New York, July 14 .- Ever since Ward McAllister declared in a newspaper interview that "society" in this city was limited to 400 members, he has been looked upon as the king of snobs, and thousands of people, who at heart feel themselves aggrieved by exclusion from the sacred circle, have denounced him as a man who knew not what he was talking about Topical songs ridicule him, and the minstrels joke about him. Only last evening I heard in a comic opera an exaggerated pair of burlesque

A million of people inhabit this city,
With social distinction, as much as they can,
But all save four hundred are objects of pity,
Because they are under McAllister's ban.
A beau may be wealthy, and worthy, and witty,
And never become a society man;
A belle may be virtuous, polished and pretty,
And never get into McAllister's van.

So widespread has become this feeling of merriment in regard to McAllister, and so much the fashion is it to make jokes at his expense, that it will seem strange, doubtless, that anyone should attempt to hold a different opinion of him and of his remarks. Nevertheless, I am bound to say that Ward McAllister is a sadly misunderstood man, and, beyond that, a man of unusual discretion and good sense among the men of his circle of society. His intimate friends think very highly of him, and, while they admit he is a snob, they insist that in general he is far less offensive in this respect than most of the people, whether four hundred or four thousand, with whom he has been associated. His history is unique and surprising. Beyond the fame that has been brought to him by the publication of his remark about the exalted and exclusive four hundred, he is known widely as the one master of ceremonies for New York society. In order to make clear the striking features of his history and his character, I shall explain briefly what the nature of his work as master of ceremonies was at the risk of describing that with which many people are familiar. I say "was" because, strange as it may seem, Ward McAllister is to-day under a practical boycott by his society associates, and the reason of it, still stranger to say, is not that he has given offense to so many persons by limiting the membership of "society" to four hundred, but because he has been too liberal in admitting those about whom there existed a doubt as to their elegibility for such transcendent social relations. How this curious boycott came about I propose to show, but first I will indicate what Mr. McAllister's relations to so-

ciety were until within a year or so.

It was McAllister's duty to see that no one but proper persons, in the most restrictive and ridiculous sense of the term, were admitted to festivals of the Astor clique of New Yorkers. To use a phrase that is common in his grade of life, he viseed the cards of all invited guests, or, more generally, of all persons who aspired to participate in the events that were governed by high society regulations. The term viseed undoubted conveys its own meaning, and may be roughly translated by the word inspected. How it should happen that the Astors should need the services of a third party to determine who should be present at the entertainments who should be present at the entertainments they give is easily explained by an instance. As is well known, one of the most famous and recherche entertainments of the season here is the Patriarchs' bail. The projectors of this event subscribe one hundred dollars apiece each season, and each one is entitled to invite five guests. Now, it is evident that if fifty, for one hundred, or more people have the privilege of inviting five others, some particularly popular individual would receive more than one invitation. Mr. X, we will say, is widely known and admired, and Messrs. A, B and C might desire to include him upon their invitations. In that way, a considerably leas number would be admitted to the ball than the number provided for by the managers of the Patriarchs. Mr. McAllister acted as a kind clearing house for all the invitations. Mr. A, instead of sending his invitation directly to Mr. X or Miss Z, sent a note to Mr. McAllister in which he nominated the five persons whom he wished to invite. If Mr. B sent a list of five in which one of Mr. A's guests was nominated, it was Mr. McAllister's duty to write to Mr. B that his friend had already been innominated, it was Mr. McAhister's duty to write to Mr. B that his friend had already been in-vited, and that he therefore had the privilege of inviting another. This was a matter of conve-nience for the Patriarchs, as it always assured a full attendance at the ball, and a full represen-tation of each subscriber's privileges in that matter. Beyond this, Mr. McAllister was expected to exercise a discretion in forwarding the invitations to the ball. If in the list were persons whom he thought ineligible, it devolved upon him to write to the proposers that it might not be advisable to include such persons. Further than this, Mcmost diplomatic way imaginable, the inadvisability of including the persons against whom he himself would draw the bar. In all probability the parties to whom such a suggestion might be made agreed with McAllister, because his judgment was highly respected by the snobs. It was generally admitted that he knew everybody who was anybody, and that those whom he ruled out were not proper parties to be present at a high social occasion. However, if any sub-scriber to the Patriarche insisted on extending the invitations he had nominated, Mr. McAllister had nothing to do but to forward the cards of admission as directed. So it will be seen that his power has been considerably over-rated, as it was hardly more than that of a privileged adviser. It was known, however, that he kept a very sharp watch of the persons eligible to so-

bade a German flag, and thereby aroused conaiderably more feeling. Finally, he somewhat savagely told an Irish committee that the green flag could not float over the building on St. Patrick's Day. That made a tremendous row. Politicians concerned in the Mayor's political welfare, business men who desired to eiety entertainments, and a great deal of confi-dence was reposed in him. The Patriarchs' ball was only one of many entertainments of a similar nature for which his services were called have him again for a reformatory Mayor, and personal friends who disliked to see him commit political suicide, advised him to un do as much as possible what he had done. He only budged from his position so much as to explain that, in his opinion, no other flag than the American ought to be hoisted on a public build-At a certain Patriarch's ball, McAllister saw Miss DeWolf, the remarkably handsome amaing in this country. In that way the matter was left unsatisfactorily patched when, a week ago, a movement was under way to unite Tammany and the County Democracy in a renomination of teur actress who had practically succeeded Mrs. James Brown Potter since the latter entered upon a professional career. It was no strain upon McAllister's memory to recollect that Miss DeWolf was not included in the list of invitations which he himself had sent out. It was, therefore, plain that she had come there without a proper invitation. To his mind there was no Hewitt for Mayor. It was even proposed by the Republicans to also nominate him, and thus make him the sole candidate, so admirable in business and reform ways had been his first earthly objection to her presence, but any irregularity would be significant of a discord in the system of society life which should be remedied. He therefore took upon himself to ascertain how she came to be present. His method was characteristically diplomatic. He sent an affable swell to Miss De Wolf, and in the course of a pleasant characteristically term. Now the idea is exploded, as with a dynamite bomb, by his disclosure of himself as true American. That is necessarily fatal to his political life in this city of largely foreign population. In order to represent him fairly, his words are taken down as obtained by your correspondent: the course of a pleasant chat, this emissary "America is for American citizens," he said asked her, in the simplest manner possible who Foreign-born men may become first-rate Ameriwas chaperoning her. She replied without any hesitation, "Mrs. Edward Cooper." When Mecans, and a majority of them do so, but not in a day, or a month, or a year. They first need to Allister beard this he looked over all the cards stop waving the flags of their native countries, which had been surrendered by the guests at the door, and found the five that had been as-signed to the Cooper family. On one was the name of a young lady from New Orleans, and he remembered distinctly having sent that card to her, but her name had been scratched and maintaining patriotism for the lands which they have abandoned. They must become thoroughly Americanized. In my opinion, fourteen years should elapse before they are permitted to vote. That is giving them advantage of onethird in being born again, over those who are off and that of Miss De Wolf substituted. originally born here. That system would be better for them, better for us, and better for this It was plain from this that Miss De Wolf's presence there was entirely in socent, country. There can't be a true American party that she had supposed that she had been regu-larly invited, and that the fault lay with Mrs. Cooper. It appeared later that the young lady just now. Other issues are paramount. But donbt, I shall have to stay out of office, and I'm

from New Orleans, having received the card, returned it to Mrs. Cooper with regrets, saying that a previous engagement would take her out of town. Mrs. Cooper therefore transferred the invitation to Miss DeWolf. The day after the ball, Mr. McAllister wrote a letter to Mrs. This Is the Biggest Gas Well Yet. PITTSBURG, July 14.-A party of Pittsburgers visited the new roaring gas well of the Philadel-phia Company, back of Canonsbure, in Wash-Cooper to the effect that she should please not ington county, yesterday. According to the registered pressure the well is the largest in the world. The gas looks like a solid piece of blue do that again; that if society rules were of any use whatever they should be absolute; that while Miss DeWolf was an eminently steel for some distance after it comes out of the proper person to invite to the ball, against whom he could never urge any pipe. Solid masonry, twelve feet thick, was put in around the top of the well to hold the cap on.

The tools and rope thrown out were, perhaps, possible objection, her presence there was, nevertheless, irregular, and such a course might the heaviest of any yet moved in that way. The iron in in the tools weighed 3,000 pounds, the wet rope, nearly 2,000 feet long, weighed as much more, but all was thrown up like a rocket, lead in the future, among unthinking people, to the introduction of those who would be obnoxious. It made Mrs. Cooper exceedingly in-dignant. She did not propose to be criticized by Ward McAllister, and she made this sentithe rope coiling around the ruins of the derrick like so much yarn. ment pretty well known among the four hun-dred. The result was that a good many harsh

dred. The result was that a good many harsh criticisms were passed upon the master of ceremonies, which his intimate friends thought very lightful acid drinks.

Ask for Tamarind or French Currants at Bryan's soda fountain, opposite Union Station. Both are delightful acid drinks.

AN OLD LEGEND OF COLOGNE

Ben-Hur at the Shrine of the Three

Wise Men in the Famous Dom.

Divine Inspiration of the Architect Who Designed the Famous Cathedral to Meet an Emperor's Command.

Written for the Sunday Journal-Copyrighted, 1888. How well I remember that day-that golden day-at Cologne! The print of the Roman yoke is on it yet, for the Church of St. Marie holds the site of the Roman Capital, and has recounded with the armed tread of the legions of Tra-

Of the treasures of the cathedral, nothing compares with the shripe of the Magi, the tomb behind the grand altar, where Gothic windows cast varied lights on the tesselated pavement and along the Ionic pillars. The casket is six feet long, modeled as a Roman Basilica, enriched with artistic, sacred figures, carved jewels, and chased and enameled ernamentation In the French Revolution it was injured, and in the year 1820 a thief secreted himself in the cathedral when it was closed at evening, and spent the night in plundering the shrine, escaping in the morning.

It lost about one hundred precious stones, but, as we say of rich men, it could afford to lose. In the mass of jewles, gems, cameos, a few hundred are not missed. The carved stones belong to classic antique art, and the lapidary's work is delicate and marvelously fine. At the head end of the shrine is a movable panel which the keeper slips aside, and behold! three bare skulls, each circled with a diamond crown.

The names are in square letters set with ru-bies which flash like flame:

GASPAR MELCHIOR BALTHAZAR -names as familiar to us as household words. It was like finding the graves of old friends in a rent. "After all," as the song says, "McAllister | foreign cemetery. We had pondered over their scant history so long, had seen the many grand pictures of them, had them in heart and fancy for years, and now suddenly to see their names in letters of burning jewels! What wonder that we started and smiled, saying: Surely those prophets might grant one little miracle to the worshipers who have loved them long and well! We lingered about the shrine, as became that had been growing for a short time against him culminated in a most curious way. The belief grew that Mr. McAllister was too liberal in his admissions of people to "society" events. This sounds incredible, in view of the fact that he has drawn the limits of "society" down to four hundred. believing pilgrims; we marked the scene of the baptism of Jesus in the river Jordan, the panel representing the Redeemer seated on Highthone, with His right hand raised and holding the Book of Life in His left; the Virgin and Child, carved by some devout worker, whe prayed as he wrought and was blessed in his labors. It is the finest specimen of mediaval art, and is fitty placed in the first of sanctuaries. Not strange that the making of such a structural is cloudy with myths and traditions. There are the pictured windows of world-wide fame. Oh, it is a pity to die without seeing them! They were clear glass once; angels brushed them with wings, and lo! they took on a many-colored radiance like sunset dyes. Ethereal hands finished them in a single night, and vainly does mortal artist try to copy tints which were never spread on earthly pallette.

And no one knows who designed the famous

And no one knows who designed the famous cathedral. The legend-haunted Rhine abounds in explanations of the matchless work. It was given, so they tell, in a dream of the morning, a his soul to the devil in return for superhumas knowledge. Again they say it was begun by a forgotten architect, who for some crime was struck dead, and the work condemned to stand

many refined, intelligent, thoroughly courteous people in New York, who are unjustly excluded from what is generally known as high society. It is not that these people are poor, for they have plenty of money, but it is because they lack something or other in their ancestry and in their allesticates to communicate the still for centuries. I like best to think it was conceived in the valley of vision under some divine inspiration. Better to me the tale that an Emperor, generous and munificent, long ago summoned his builders together, and promised them eternal fame if they would build a fane which should surpass all other fanes. There should be no limit in design, no bound to expense, no question as to in their relations to commercial life. It does not matter so much what the reason is that time. Said the monarch to the artisans on bend-ed knees before him: "Let its splender be like the first temple on Mount Moriah. What I ask

In other words, McAllister rose above the snobs by whom he was surrounded, and ex-Then there was study and strife among the architects, and who of mortal birth was worthy pressed a willingness to admit to the inner circle of such fame as the Emperor promised?

At the appointed day plans and models were brought, drawings and traceries laid at the foof eligible persons who were kept out for one or arother foolish reason by those who held the power. In spite of these views, however, he of the throne. But as one after another was un-rolled, the proud Emperor said: "They will not do; this cathedral is to keep my name in recould do nothing to secure the admission of ineligible persons, and his theories were lost against a hard wall of facts. He was "confronted not do; this cathedral is to keep my name in remembrance while the world remains to let its spires point upward." The designers left the presence chamber, their eyes full of rage and tears of disappointment. "Who but the devil can satisfy a king who asks impossibilities?" said they. One workman lingered behing when the train of aspirants had departed. He held no roll of parchment or box of models; he was an old man, bent and weak, wearing a green coat and a gray can. by a condition, not by a theory," and complying with that condition, he could not act otherwise than he did. His views, however, aroused the hostility of the people who felt that they alone were naturally privileged to associate with what they pleased to term "the very best element," and the consequence has been McAllister's fall from his formerly undisputed position in society.

coat and a gray cap.

"Grant me this favor, O King," be demanded, in a shrill, piping voice, "one day more to work at my drawings. I am so near to my ideal, so near. I have sought it through prayers and fastings; and last night I almost touched the plan; the design of a temple which shall eclipsa the splendor of others as the sun outshines the email stars. My meditations are nearly ended, but the picture I see with the eye of my soul will not as yet shape itself to my hand. It is very near." He unrolled a slight parchment from his bosom—"Dost thou see aught, O Eme eal in his views, has taken himself clear out of peror, a shape of beauty on this scrolift in the peror, a shape of beauty on this scrolift.

trembled. His hand shook as he refolded the

"It is as I feared; the pencil of light was but a o most merciful, and if I fail, let me go back to my cell, for I have taken holy orders, and I will spend the few days left of three-score and tea in repentance that I let ambition lurk under my

The pious Emperor graciously spoke: "One day more, holy man, I give you; and in your prayers forget not the name of your sovereign, who is as low as the meanest in the sight of our common Master." Then the old man kissed the royal hand held out to him, and backed like a courtier out of the

The monk was devout and humble. "What am I that I should win a great name!" he asked of himself; "yet the shepherd on the plain o Midian was no more than the monk wowed to

perpetual poverty, resting his naked feet on the bare floor of the cloister. O blessed virgin, O boly Mary," he prayed, "help the weakest of the children, for my spirit fainteth."

The pale outline of a superb temple floated in the air about him. He snatched his pencil and unrolled his paper, but the vague, fermlese thing faded like a dissolving view, the dizzy pin-

nacles floated away.

Overcome with the long mental strain, be burst into tears of despair and exclaimed: "Into thy hands, O Mary, I leave it!" So a sweet peace descended on him like a dove. He sunk to sleep in his oaken chair, and at the mystic

hour of midnight, when the veil between the two worlds, seen and unseen, grows dim, be was roused by an awakening light It was not like the sun, ner yet of the moon; neither was it a lamp nor the light of tapers.

Awe struck and enraptured, he sat still while
his cell filled with the heavenly radiance. Hig eyes gradually became used to the shining won-der, and he was aware of the presence of four men with starry crowns on their heads. The first was a grave man with venerable white beard covering his breast; in his hand he

held a pair of compasses. The second, more youthful in appearance, carried a mason's square; the third, a strong man with heavy, curling beard, held a rule, and the fourth, a handsome lad with light flowing auburn locks, brought a level, thus betokening they were masters of the sacred art of Freemasonry. They glided in with solemn, soundless tread, and with them, last to come into his dazzled sight, en-tered the saintly Virgio, clothed with celestic beauty, carrying in her right hand a lily with silver-white flowers.

"I have heard thy prayer and am here to hein thee in thy need, said the Virgin to the awa-stricken architect. "One penalty I lay upon

"What is it, O Queen of Heaven?"
"For worldly ambition, and because thou hasf said in thy heart, Solomon, I will surpass thee, thy name shall be forgotten among the sons of

"But," cried the disappointed artisan. "It is in hope of fame I have tolled, prayed, suffered. I have outwatched Orion, and the sun has looked down upon me as it rose. The cathedral of my heart and soul is to be the monument which b who sees will ask in wonder and amaze, 'Who was the architect?"

"There is but one condition," said Mary, mildaly; "choose this instant, the hour passes."

He covered his face with his hands and wept aloud; a few moments his sobe school through the cell, and the stangele was past. He raise